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Judge

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NO, THANKS.

WORKINGMAN—"I've already been fooled with four years in free-trade clover. No more experiments for me."

Judge

W. J. ARKELL. BERNHARD GILLAM.
I. M. GREGORY, *Editor.*

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WE ARE ALL William-E.-Russell men to-day.

* * *

WE THINK that J. Sloat Fassett may be mentioned as the boy orator of the Platt, too.

* * *

HAROLD SEWALL is right. Duty doesn't require a son to go to a lunatic-asylum because his papa has gone wild.

* * *

THE MR. MATCHETT who is running for president on a socialist-labor ticket is believed to be unlike the locofoco article.

* * *

MAUD AND CHARLES got half a million in wedding presents; yet there are those who hold that it is cheaper to live singly.

* * *

IT IS SUPERFLUOUS to say that Thomas B. Reed will not retire to private life. There are several millions of Republicans who won't let him.

* * *

MR. BRYAN never drank a drop of liquor, never used tobacco, and never uttered an oath; and yet he wants Democrats to vote for him.

* * *

THE PEOPLE of the Orkney islands are as pleased at the discovery of a mermaid as if they had had a popocratic convention and found a new man.

* * *

"SUPPORT THE TICKET and ignore the platform," is the advice of some puzzled Democrats. It is as easy as to swallow the blackberry, omitting the seeds.

* * *

WE HAVE yet to hear of a populist giving away a fortune that had been earned by or given him; yet if he keeps it he is, in his own opinion, guilty of a crime.

* * *

THERE IS CHAOS in politics this year; but behind the trouble is safety, for, however they may be divided in principle, the people are united as to the right to vote.

* * *

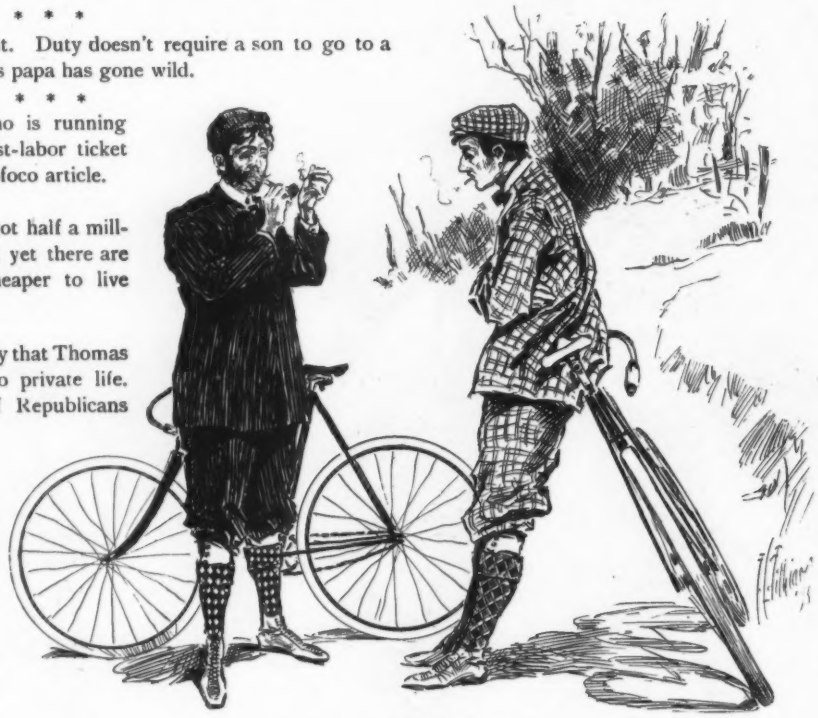
MRS. LEASE went to the populist convention largely for the purpose of saying that she was going out of politics. It was as characteristic as the average woman's "no."

* * *

SOME PEOPLE, thinks the Albany *Argus*, will vote for Bryan because he has the courage of his convictions. That sounds like a compliment; but that's the way some men get to be leaders of gangs of horse-thieves.

* * *

ABIGAIL BUSH of California, who presided over the first woman-suffrage convention, is eighty-six years old. We have observed a tendency on the part of the suffrage women to punish the longest possible amount of time.



THE APPROPRIATE PLACE.
"I know where we ought to hold our bicycle convention."
"Where?"
"Wheeling, West Virginia."

THE LADY AND THE ANGEL.

WE BEG to suggest to Mrs. Fleming, who talks of elevating the stage, that she is not sufficiently advertised. It is true that she was tried for murder, but alas! the crime was not proved, and again there are persons who think her innocent. And besides, it takes about a hundred thousand dollars to build an actress out of a stick, not to mention the necessary assault and battery.

THE RIGHT TO WEEP.

IT DOES NO HARM for the people of the south to erect monuments to Jefferson Davis and other confederates. Those works of art are reminders of their defeat as well as of their leadership; and the question of the right to secede has been settled forever. If the southern people want to vex their souls by continual reminders of their saddest history it is a luxury of grief to which the north cannot reasonably object.

A PLAINTIVE GROWL.

PROBABLY if the Republicans had invited Mr. Hill and Mr. Whitney to confer with them those gentlemen would have been reminded of the spider and the fly; but as the invitation was not promptly extended they feel hurt and cry out that they and their party have been misused. The sensitiveness and tenderness of those gentlemen are marked and painful. They want to blame somebody for being kicked out of their own convention, and they don't know exactly how to get at it.

THE SEAT OF EMPIRE.

IF THE WHITE-HOUSE isn't chained down the western revolutionists who call themselves Democrats are likely to steal it. They want the seat of empire where they can control it, and their jealousy of the east is attended with an apparent desire to destroy if they cannot control and humiliate. Let us hope that they will kindly refrain for a time from the too vigorous methods of the rebels who tried to move the seat of empire to Richmond thirty years ago.

THE BIG LITTLE POP.

POPULISTS are free-thinkers. They are also free-fighters, and there is no populist who agrees entirely with any other. There is only one way to satisfy a populist, and that is to let him go off and be a party all alone by himself. He is the mugwumpiest of all the mugwumps, and his regard for his own opinion caps the climax of all egotism. We have quite enough parties with a half-dozen votes apiece, but they are all too large for this profound thinker and chronic sufferer from all manner of pang.

THE WHY OF IT.

AFTER MUCH THOUGHT and many weeks of talk in favor of sound money, the Democratic Rochester *Herald* put up the names of Bryan and Sewall; not, it said, because of admiration of their financial theories, but in order to encourage free trade and hurt McKinley. We hear of another Democratic journal that hoisted the names because it was a dry season and the last was a hard winter; and we are somehow reminded of Bill Nye's story of the landlord who charged Mr. Nye a dollar for an old sandwich. "Fact is, b'gosh!" said the landlord, "I need the money.'

DOGS OUT OF THE MANGER.

HATRED OF THE BICYCLE is envy backed by malice. The tack-throwers and the man of Islip who dug a hole in his sidewalk are vicious brutes who ought to be taken across the knee and spanked. In some portions of the west the agriculturists keep dogs for the purpose of vexing and mutilating the riders of wheels, and they deserve to be flogged three times a day. Such persons are not able to ride, themselves, and it gives them suffering to see others enjoy themselves. It is doubtful if the Almighty had anything to do with their creation; they must have jess growed.

GOING BACK ON HIS WORD.

MRS. JUSTWED (*in tears*)—"Oh, you untruthful thing! you—before we were married you said you loved me better than you did your life, and now you refuse to eat my angel-cake that I cooked purposely for you."

THE WIDOW O'TROUT.

IT'S th' foine illegant toime Oi hod wid me visit t' Oireland afther O'Throut's deat'. Divil a bit or sup c'u'd Oi pay for in all th' county Shligo. 'Twas only be thrickery Oi c'u'd boy a thing in th' shops av Blynn; pretindin' Oi was wantin' thim for somebody ilse ahltygither; an' as for th' prisints Oi tuk over wid me, fait', Oi brought back in me box foive toimes their bulk an' proice!

Me own family bein' a most respictable one, livin' on th' eshtate av Lord Wathers, an' his lordship bein' absint attindin' a bill t'rough th' house av cummins, her ladyship was plazed t' invoite me t' luncheon along wid hersilf an' Father Bart'olomew, his riverince bein' a cousin av me mother's, although not acknowledged be th' church.

An' it's th' spacious house they hov at Watherford, an' full up wid th' remains av owld dacincy, although shloightly in nade av rapairs; wid th' dhrawin'-room all picked out in whoite an' goold, an' Oi'm bound t' say wid more candle-shticks than candles.

Well knowin' thot th' fish on th' table was a prisint from me brother Jamesy, an' thot me mother's hins laid ivery egg, an' me father sint th' vigitables, an' me sister Daylia thot same mornin' had patted th' curds, whin her ladyship at luncheon axed me what w'u'd Oi hov, says Oi t' her ladyship, says Oi,

"Oi see ye've a very foine dish av cabbage an' bacon, Lady Wathers, an' if ye don't moind Oi'll take a plate av thot same."

So Oi'd a very ch'ice, but a very shmall helpin' av th' cabbage an' bacon, but divil a boite av it wint inty me mout', t'rough me plate bein' whipped from before me be th' shpalpane waitin' at table in a powthered wig an' red-velvet shmalls.

Whin her ladyship, who was much intherested in talkin' wid Father Bart'olomew about th' icuminical council, noticed Oi was not atin she says to me, says she, "What will you be helped to now, Mishtress O'Throut?"

"Oi thank you," says Oi, wid th' McFagin an' th' hunger bot' roisin' widin me, "Oi think Oi'll hov another shmall bit av cabbage an' bacon." Be jabers! whin Oi got it Oi'd th' same exparience wid it. Thin me blud was up. "Axin' yer ladyship's pardon an' his riverince's for dishturbin' yer conversation," says Oi, "Oi'd loike t' take another luk at a dish av thot cabbage an' bacon!" Thin, whin her ladyship made great shpade t' hov me served wid thot same, Oi turned t' th' waither an' says Oi, "Young man!" says Oi (layin' down me fork, but retainin' me knoife in me hand), "if you venture t' interfare again wid me dish av cabbage an' bacon, be th' powers above, Oi'll place th' lingth av this knoife in yer insoides!"

MADELINE ORVIS.

"WITH ALL THY FALSE I LOVE THEE STILL."

CONTAGIOUS.

IF YOU'RE in love with the telephone-girl,
For your safety you should leave her,
Or when you kiss her on the lips
You may catch the "hello" fever

THE LUCKY ESCAPE OF A RURAL BICYCLIST BEAU.

SON—"What did you take off your boots for, pap?"
FATHER—"Ter sneak up back soft so thet insane beau of Marildy's wouldn't hear me."
SON (*inquiringly*)—"Insane?"
FATHER—"Ya-as. Jest as I wuz 'bout ter rush in an' fire him I heard him tell Marildy he hed a 'wheel,' an' I wa'n't takin' any chances with 'im!"

Photo. by Dupont.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

MARIE DRESSLER.

You're a meteor in red, sweet Marie!
Up among the clouds you tread, in your glee.
Every star that's in the sky
Winks an eye when you come nigh,
And we know the reason why,
Sweet Marie.

SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE.

THE LANDLADY—"I boarded a car at Fourteenth street an'"—
MR. HUNGERFORD—"And I suppose there was lots of room inside."

A CASE OF OBTUSENESS.

Mars' Mason—"Hillo, Uncle 'Rastus! how are you this morning?"

Uncle 'Rastus—"I's po'ly, t'ank de Lawd!"

Mars' Mason—"Now, Uncle 'Rastus, you can't convince me you have anything to be thankful for in being poorly. Why do you say that?"

Uncle 'Rastus—"Huccum I t'anks de Lawd fo' bein' po'ly, mars'? Well, suh, w'en a body's po'ly spell is de 'sult ob biled tuckey, if hit ain't somepin' to t'ank de Lawd 'bout, den w'at am?"

Mars' Mason (thoughtfully)—"H'm! and where did you get the turkey? I—ha! ha!—haven't missed one from my poultry-house."

Uncle 'Rastus (piously, disappearing round the corner)—"Hit sho'ly look laik de 'postle ben right w'en he say, 'Habin' eyes dey see not, an' ears dey am deef as a post,' 'case I 'clar foh Moses dat tuckey gobble loud 'nuf toe wake de daid—hit pintedly did!"

ELIZABETH A. VORE.

A SWALLOWING MEASURE.

WEARY WALKER—"How far is it to Jaytown, old chappie?"
WHEEZY WILLY—"About two thirsts and an eat, pard."

THE CHOICE.

TWO jacqueminots were in the vase;
One bud with leaves unsealed,
And one whose velvet open face
Its yellow heart revealed.

Two women in the fragrant room
Sat at the sunset hour;
One delicate in girlish bloom,
One rich in grace and power.

To one the world was all untried,
A dream, a hope, a joy;
One knew that bliss has pain allied
Like gold with its alloy.

Another entered—one whose name
Had graced his country's scroll
Of honor; bravery won him fame;
A man of brain and soul.

The girl's face into welcome broke
Like sunshine after showers:
"Which will you choose?" she smiling spoke,
And proffered him the flowers.

He pressed the roses to his lips;
The woman bent her head;
The blood surged to her finger-tips;
"The full-blown rose," he said.

SARAH K. BOLTON.

HUSBAND—"How do you like the view?"
WIFE (*with ecstasy*)—"Oh, I am speechless!"
HUSBAND—"Well, if that be so I think we had better stay here for a while."

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

HE STOOD behind the counter in happiest of moods,
Unto her gaze displaying the latest styles of goods—
New cloths of ev'ry color, crépons of lightest weight,
Silks of exquisite lustre, and satins up to date.

Each pattern she examined, and gushingly admired,
As tho' it were the very design she most desired;
However, his patient efforts to sell were all in vain—
Because she only thanked him And said she 'd call again.

ANNIE M. TOOHEY.

IT'S whin a man has wather on the brain thot his hid swims.

"TEA LEAVES."

RIVALRY.

OH, SUMMER girl, with frill and lace
And frock of every shade and hue,
To practice Cupid's art and grace
And conquer man is your just due.

But, dear, alas! 'tis sad to state,
A rival now disputes your sway;
For years you were a tempting bait—
Ah, me! sweet maid, you've had your day.

The girl with mannish garb and stride
Who owns a wheel now reigns serene;
Your former flame rides by her side
And you are left to blush unseen.

Go buy a "bike," if you would hope
To enter in the lists once more.
Learn how to "scorch" and do not mope,
Or you will never make a score.

And yet, perhaps, there are a few
Who still love dainty woman's ways
And find more charm, my dear, in you
Than in the present "craze."

GRACE NOYES MEAD.

A DOUBTFUL REPLY.

MOTHER-IN-LAW—"Did Mary tell you that I always sent you a kiss whenever she wrote to you?"
SON-IN-LAW—"Oh, yes; and it was a great comfort to me—while I was away."

NOTHING MEAN ABOUT HER.

Mabel—"Emily steams her husband's letters open every chance she gets."

Maude—"Oh, well, she isn't mean about it. She seals them up again and never blows him up."

ADVANTAGE OF CELERITY.

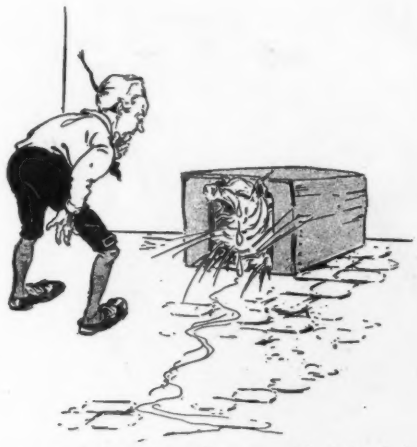
"I SUPPOSE, colonel," said the new woman, "that you found prompt and expeditious movement of the greatest moment in military manœuvres"——

Colonel Bloodgutter—"I should say, ma'am! What kept Shuhman frum ketchin' us foh two yeahs, ma'am?"

1. Ye farmer giveth to his son ye little pigge.

2. Ye merrie boye buildeth a penne for ye little pigge.

3. He feeds ye pigge; ye pigge waxeth fat and happy.



4. And after ye pigge groweth melancholy more and more each daye and leaveth not his penne ye boye puzzleth.

5. Ye sire puzzleth. An idea! He getteth ye axe; he breaketh ye penne.

6. Begosh!

THERE ARE OTHERS.

JIM JACKSON—"Am yo' goin' toe vote fo' gold er silvah, Abe?"

ABE HARDCASE—"Dunno, Jim; dunno. I vote fo' two dollahs an' take whadeber dey han's me."

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

"I'VE been telling my wife that we ought to get a cow," said Mr. Lawnmo. "You see, there's plenty of pasture-land, and I could easily have a shed put up. My wife could learn to make cheese and butter. It would really be amusement. And imagine the advantage of having all the milk we could possibly use. It costs us nearly two dollars a week now for milk for the children. We'd save the price of the animal in no time."

"I quite understand your feeling," replied Mr. Nexhouse. "*We* had a cow when we first came here—a splendid creature. I paid ninety dollars for her, and built a pretty stable at two hundred dollars and had a German to take care of her at sixteen dollars a month. Well, sir, she yielded fifteen quarts of milk a day—the very first week. We actually had to give it away to the neighbors."

"And the second week?" asked Mr. Lawnmo interestedly.

"The second week she died," said Mr. Nexhouse.

M. S. BRIDGES.

MARK OF DISTINCTION.

"THAT must be a very distinguished man," said Kilduff to Snooper.

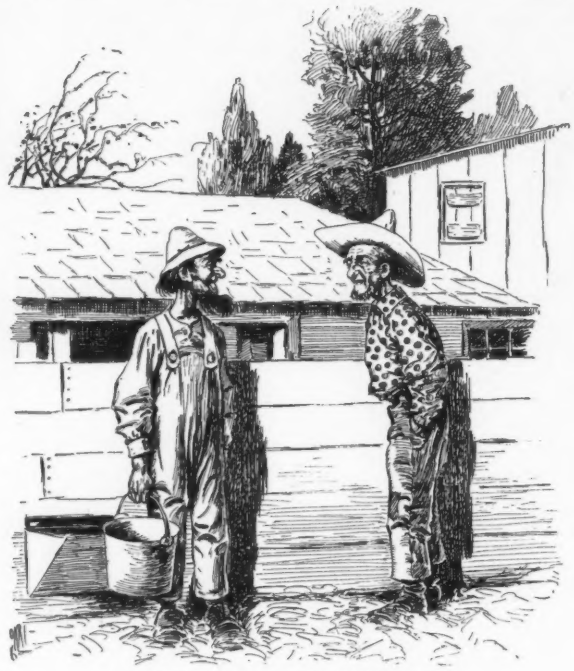
The latter looked at the person indicated and replied, "I see no mark of distinction about him."

"Look again and you will see that there is no campaign button or emblem of any sort about the lapels of his coat."

THEY WOULD.

Mrs. Woodbie Wise—"I don't like Alma-Tadema's pictures. His women have too long legs."

Wise—"They'd look funny with three, wouldn't they?"



A VALUABLE ACQUIREMENT.

FARMER GREENE—"Did yer son learn much at th' agricultural college?"

FARMER BROWN—"Lord gosh! yes. Th' college-yell he learnt thar is th' best thing fer scarin' crows I ever seen."

WHY THE MAN IS DUMB.

SEE the silent man. He sits alone, with closed lips and a vacuous stare, while the other young people around him chatter gayly, tell stories, and make merry generally.

Is he stupid?

No; he is not stupid. He was graduated from Yale five years ago at the head of his class, began to practice law, entered politics, and is now one of the younger leaders of his party. A few weeks ago he delivered a speech at a political gathering and set the state talking about his eloquence.

Why, then, is he silent when every girl and every young man present is talking as fast as he or she can?

Simply because he does not ride a bicycle and cannot, for the life of him, think of an appropriate word to inject into a conversation of which the following are fragments:

"That century run was great." "The Hudson-county boulevard beats the park. It is all macadamized down to Bergen point." "What's the gear of your machine?" "I like a low gear; it is easier to keep the wheel going." "Yes; but it requires a more rapid foot-movement." "I got some oil on my tire, and I'm afraid I'll have to get a new one. That's two for me in a month." "Susie's tire was torn by her brake." "I think the Long-island roads are better than the Jersey roads." "Anyhow, they don't arrest people on Long island just to get the fines to pay county expenses." "What do you think of Aggie's new bloomers? Aren't they horrid?" "Did you hear how Alice's tire was punctured and how she had to"—etc., etc., etc.

But why does the silent man go into such company if he cannot take part in the conversation?

Because there is no other kind of company for him nowadays. Bicycling has come to be the standard topic of conversation in all gatherings of young people, and he who cannot talk bicycle must settle down to the rôle of a clam.

W. L. RIORDON.

A PITCHER FULL OF BEER.

IT IS only when the devil turns over a penny that it becomes a pound.

NOT CONTROLLED.

WAGGLES—"Dere's one awfully funny t'ing 'bout dese bathers."

WILLIE—"Wot's dat?"

WAGGLES—"Nobody makes 'em git in de water, an' dey has de same sort of aversion to it dat you an' me has, Willie."

MR. PRETTYMAN'S FIRST POLITICAL SPEECH.
1. Hard at work preparing his speech.

THE CENSUS IN MODOC.

THE enterprising town of Tanglefoot Gulch, in Modoc county, California, reports an increase of seven hundred per cent. in population during the past year. Two years ago Tanglefoot Gulch had but one inhabitant — a one-eyed Missourian from Pike county. He married a half breed Siwash from Puyallup, and the net results are two sets of triplets.—*Condensed from government census reports.*

2. Rehearsal, strictly private. Time—all night.

DISCOLORED COULEUR-DE-ROSE.

He kissed me!
And a couleur-de-rose sprang up 'twixt happy me and the skies.
He kissed me!
And the cooing dove awoke that in my bosom lies.
He kissed me!
And all the world turned pink, e'en to the fern-decked groves.
He kissed me!
And the fragrant dews gave way—to cardamom-seeds and cloves!

MAE ST. JOHN-BRAMHALL.

THE BANGED TAIL.

"ZEY tooked off ze horse's tail," said Margie, "an' nailed a feazer-duster onto him."

SIZED UP.

BROTHER BOB (*who has been celebrating his golf victory*)—"Shoes too (hic) small, Sue? They look (hic) just 'bout *my* fit."
SISTER SUE (*indignantly*)—"They are awfully tight, sir, if that's what you mean."

MR. O'SHEA'S SAD TWIST.

MY GARDENER, Mr. Martin O'Shea, having recovered from his broken leg—broken last winter when he sat on the limb of a tree and sawed it off next to the trunk—had a party at his house to celebrate the fourth of July. Mr. O'Shea, with true gentleman-like hospitality, drank separately with each guest that arrived, and so before the party had fairly begun was more than tipsy. He was put carefully to bed, so as not to disturb the festivities. Awakening two hours later and hearing the jollity below, Mr. O'Shea got up to join his guests. It was dark in his room, and he was still not quite himself; so in putting on his trousers he got them on wrong side in front. At the head of the stairs Mr. O'Shea stumbled and rolled to the bottom. The guests ran and picked him up.

"Are yez kilt, Martin?" screamed his faithful wife.

Mr. O'Shea felt himself all over and observed the position of his trousers.

"No, Oi am not hurted; but Oi give mesilf a divil av a twisht."

PHILIP POINDEXTER.

3. The night of the effort. Received with boisterous applause, followed by a good old stage-fright

WHEN IT WAS MORE NEEDED.

"DID you pass a medical examination before you went into the athletic contest?"

"No; I passed it afterward."

A LITTLE DEAL IN WHEAT.

4. Finale.

EASY TO RISE FROM THE CHORUS.

New girl (just going on the stage)—"Is it true that if I go into the chorus I can never rise? They say I'll never be able to get out of it."

Old stager—"Don't you believe it. I got out the first week, easy."

New girl—"Oh, how did you do it?"

Old stager—"I was fired."

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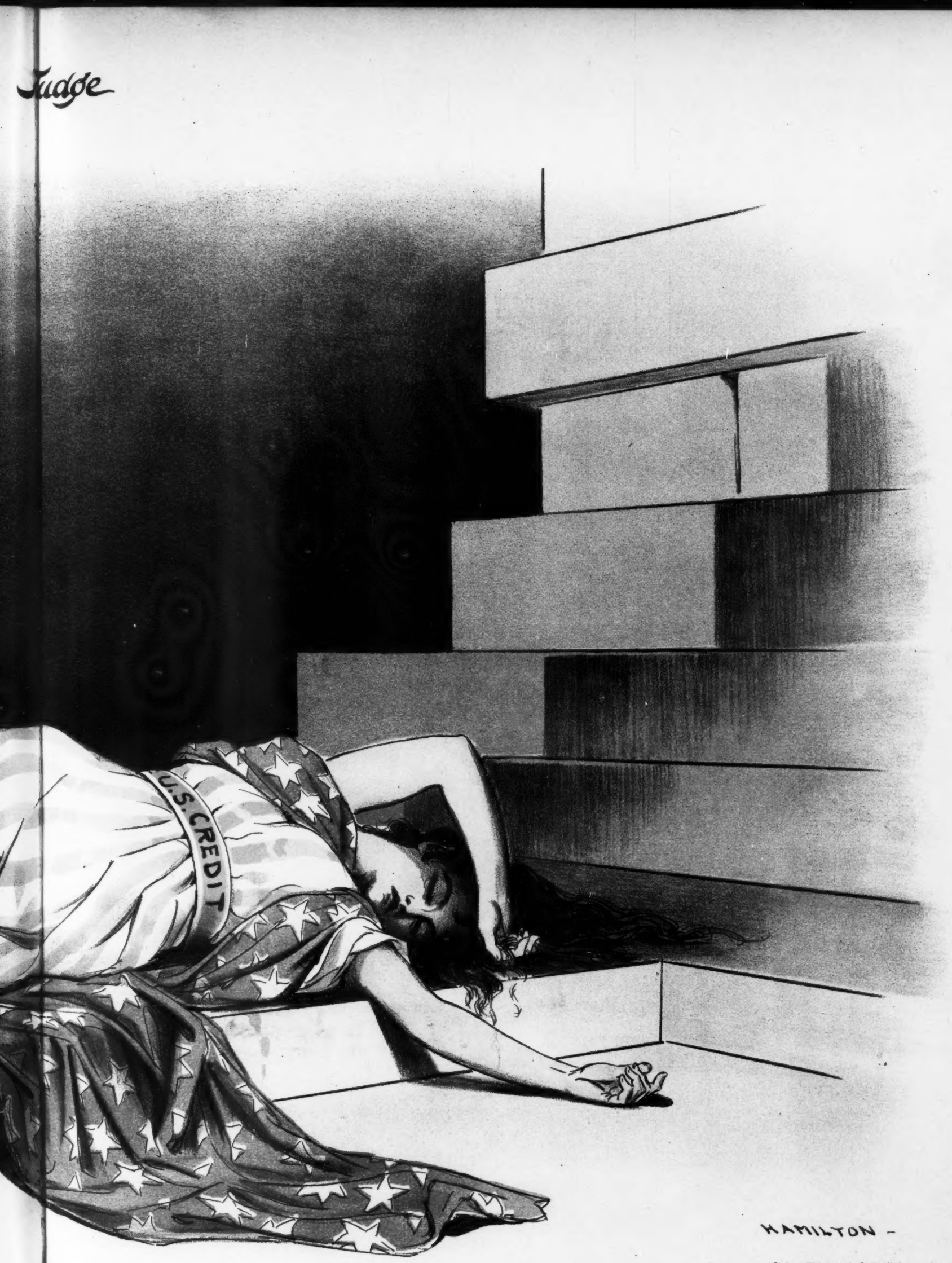
THE ASSA



E ASSASSIN.

IT KILLED THEM.

THEY wos two fellers in aour taown
Wot had an ambition tew tell
The latest story what come aroun',
Or the biggest lie or sell.
An' Jim he would ketch the drummers
An' git all the latest jokes,
An' Bill he would treat the trainmen
An' take in stories fer smokes.

Folks said they stood about neck an' neck,
So neither could git the lead,
Fer Bill had that story abaout the cats
An' the yarn abaout Tom Reed;
While Jim had a monkey-an'-parrot yarn
Would make a cirkiss hoss cough,
An' another about a red-headed gal
Would lift a pot-lid off.

Till Bill he went up to Albany
Tew git a small bill put through,
An' his member o' 'sembly give 'im a yarn
Was goin' aroun' brand new,
An' Jim he went daown the river
Fer lumber tew build a barn,
An' the steamboat cap'en he give 'im
The very same brand-new yarn.

When they both got back tew the village
They met at the corner store
An' both on 'em started tew tell that yarn
An' the crowd commenced tew roar.
They gurgled an' laughed an' talked a while,
An' the crowd they cheered each side
Till Bill an' Jim grew red an' swelled
Till they busted wide open an' died.

A. T. WORDEN.

WOMEN AND TRAINS.

NOT those graceful appendages which elongate a woman after she has reached the floor; not those layouts for incautious treads or traps for gentlemanly apology; but railroad trains—trains which arrive on the minute, start on the second, and go blustering off to the centres of feminine shopping.

Nothing so quickly destroys confidence in clocks, watches, sun-marks on the kitchen floor, and all other time-keepers upon which women are wont to rely, as the whistle of a locomotive; or so rapidly affects her mechanics as the ting-ting of an engine's bell.

Let her start for the train, positively assured by every chronometer in the house and her own watch, which she consults at each step, that she has twenty minutes to walk two blocks and turn a corner to reach the depot; then let a whistle blow or a bell ring, and in goes her watch, grab goes her hand for a bunch of skirts, front goes her clutched bag, in pops her chin, out go her elbows as assisting flippers, and she starts, with an unbumpered jerk and a pronounced wiggle, at full speed for the station.

"SOMETHING IN STORE FOR HIM."

No matter how fat; no matter how thin; be she dumpy, stately, old or young, stiff or active, off she goes with every motor appliance doing its best, and with but one idea driving her—I will be left.

NO INDUCEMENT.

REVEREND GOODMAN—"What! fishing on Sunday, little boy? Wouldn't you like to be a good little boy and go to Sunday-school?"
LITTLE BOY (*disdainfully*)—"Wot! wit' suckers bitin' like dis? I guess nit."

A DIFFICULTY.

MRS. BIGBULK—"Let me see—th' ownly way I kin think ov is ter cum out fust an' shut th' dure afther—an' yit, be gobs, Oi'd not be on th' insoide thin!"

All feminine proprieties are forgotten. She takes to the pavement side for better foot-hold; she skirts hitching-posts and shies around trees, collides with coming or going creatures of whatever make, cuts street-corners, jumps gutters, toes it through mud-holes. What matter, then, to her if there is a hole in her stocking? What matter if her hat gets crooked? What matter if she leaves a trail of hair-pins? What matter if she loses some hair? That train is the last that ever will leave that station—and it is starting!

Panting, puffing, red in the face and mad, she turns the last corner. The station is in sight! The track is clear, save where, far off, stands a side-tracked engine that but a moment ago sounded its signal of retirement. She stops, drops her skirts, stares at it and wildly up and down the track. A blank look of disappointment flattens her face. No one knows what she says. No one knows what week-day thoughts pass through her brain. Nothing knows but the clutched bag and her skirts what a shaking it would get if she had hold of it just then.

She preens herself secretly, that no one may see; she brushes herself impatiently where some inconsiderate dog is pretended to have smudged her. She composes herself to the mutest and meekest and most deliberate of females. A running woman bumps, then dashes past her. In kindliest of tones she calls after her, "You need not hurry. My watch is right. Fifteen minutes yet; and this train is always late."

CHARLES MCILVAINE.

IT SEEMS strange, but even an expert cannot tell, when he hears a girl scream, whether she's being kissed or murdered.

"I see," remarked the pearl of the harem as she laid down a copy of the Stamboul *Cimeter*, "that the women of America are discarding a barbarous garment called the petticoat and are adopting something like our own trousers. Our benighted Occidental sisters are slowly but surely learning the ways of civilization, poor things!"—*Buffalo Express.*

Everybody needs a tonic part of the time, many people all the time—Abbott's Angostura Bitters is the tonic you need. At druggists.

The half-sister of the man whose uncle's grandfather once met the nephew of the man whom Bryan was named after lives in Skoozville, Colorado. Therefore Skoozville is staggering around in a delirium of joy.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

OPIUM AND MORPHINE "HABITS."

If you have a friend who uses Opium or Morphine write me at once. My treatment is radically different from all others; contains no opiate or other narcotic; cures secretly, without suffering, in 20 to 40 days. Free trial; if not satisfied it costs you nothing. Carlos Bruisard, M. D., 187 Race street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Oh, lightning-bug, how fair your fate!
What peaceful hours you pass!
You lavishly illuminate
And get no bills for gas.
—*Washington Star.*

"We lost our hired girl to-day. My wife fired her for riding a bicycle." "Why, your wife rides a wheel herself, doesn't she?" "Yes. That is the reason she doesn't want the girl to ride one."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Dandruff,

Chafing, Itching,

Bad Complexion,

and Odors from Perspiration,

quickly relieved by

Packer's Tar Soap.

"Excellent in Chafing, Dandruff, Itching."
—*Med. and Surg. Reporter.*

"Why did you break off your engagement with Miss Bertha?" "Because her parrot was always saying 'Stop that, George.'" "But what difference did that make? Your engagement was not a secret." "But my name is not George."—*Tit-Bits.*

Buy $1.00 worth Dobbins's Floating-Borax Soap of your grocer; send wrappers to Dobbins Soap Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. They will send you, free of charge, postage paid, a Worcester Pocket Dictionary, 298 pages, bound in cloth, profusely illustrated. Offer good until August 1st only.

You may break, you may shatter,
His bones if you will;
But the scorcher will hang o'er
The handle-bars still.
—*Cleveland Leader.*

Husband (to wife in full evening dress)—"My stars! is that all you are going to wear?" *Wife* (calmly)—"All except the flowers. Which of these clusters would you select?" *Husband* (resignedly)—"The biggest."—*New York Weekly.*

EVANS' IS SIMPLY A GOOD OLD ALE.

That's Enough!

Hobson—"How do you stand on the currency question, Dobson?" *Dobson*—"I'm awfully sorry, old man, and I'd be glad to accommodate you; but the fact is I'm broke."—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

As a specific against dyspepsia and other troubles of the stomach, also as an appetizer and for mixing in drinks, nothing superior to **BOKER'S BITTERS.**

"Do you believe that we can telegraph to the spirit-land?" "Yes, indeed. I had a dispatch from Bob Badger yesterday." "How did you know it was from Bob?" "I had to pay the charges."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A good bull was recently made in parliament by Mr. Murnaghan member for Tyrone, who, on being stopped by the speaker, said, "I bow, sir, to your ruling, and merely beg to reiterate what I was about to observe."—*Albany Times-Union.*

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This contest has demonstrated in a remarkable manner the secure popularity of Columbia bicycles and the wide-spread desire to secure one. If Columbias could be sold for less, the use of Columbias would be universal. But Columbia quality can only be maintained at its unvarying standard by asking one unvarying price **$100 TO ALL ALIKE.**

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Branch Houses and Agencies almost everywhere.

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NEPHRITIC COLIC.

WM. C. WILE, A. M., M.D., LL.D., *of Danbury, Conn.*, reports the following (*New England Medical Monthly*, December 15, 1888): "In a recent outbreak of NEPHRITIC COLIC in our own person the attack, under the **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** was speedily cut short, the stones quickly passed, and the débris which followed showed a thorough cleansing of the kidneys and bladder of all foreign substances. All of the reflex symptoms and sequelæ were promptly relieved, and we feel under a deep debt of gratitude to this most excellent Water for wonderful relief." *Sold by Druggists. Pamphlet free.* **Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.**

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"ARE THE BEST"
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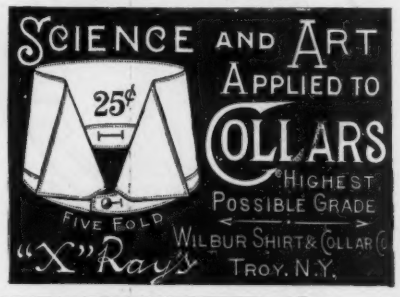

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CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

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All ready for use, require no mixing. Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one bottled and aged must be the better. Try our **York Cocktail**—without any sweetening—dry and delicious. For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the U. S., and all druggists and dealers.

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"Well," said the lovelorn young man after an interview with his sweetheart's father, "he refuses his consent." The maiden began to sob. "Do not cry, dear," the lover added, trying to comfort her. "He shall not prevent our marriage. We will elope. Fly with me, my darling!" "But"—— "No buts, my dear! It is quite proper. Fly time has come again." Then they went to Youngstown and were married.—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph*

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For adults and juveniles—9 styles.

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SMITH—"I know no tale as good as American cocktails this weather."
—*Judy.*

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When to the seashore's gay resorts
The modern summer maiden goes
Five Saratogas hold her gowns,
A bon-bon box her bathing-clothes.
—*Buffalo Express.*

Our army ain't so much fo' fightin' as it is fo' gibin' de officers a job.—*Arkansaw Thomas Cat.*

The sunflower philosopher turns aside a moment to observe that it is not to please her husband, but to look well if there is a fire in the night, that prompts a woman to put trimming on her night-dress.—*Washington Capital.*

The chameleon, who is said to feed upon nothing but air, hath of all animals the nimblest tongue.—*Dean Swift.*

Happy is the man who reverences all women because he first learned to worship his own mother.—*Richter.*

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Edith—"I know it is said to be so, but there are lots of men"—— *Meg*—"For goodness sake! where?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Little girl—"Mother told me to come and tell you that she left her liver and shin-bones on the counter when she left here just now, and I've come after 'em."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

Weary Waggles—"An' ter t'ink we skipped dat free concert las' night!" *Dusty Rhodes*—"W'y?" *Weary Wraggles*—"Dis here paper says de music wuz intoxicatin'."—*New York Press.*

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Illustrated Catalogue sent free, postpaid, on receipt of a two-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR.

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Abuse de debil an' dar ah men who will t'ink dat yo' mean dem.—De bigges' hero is de one who is scared de mos' an' runs de leas'.—Sum men ah countin' on gittin' 'lected 'cause dey hab nebah bin in jail.—De man who rides a bobby t'inks eberybody else ought toe trabel his way. W'en de debil goes fo' his photograf he wants toe retuch de negative hisse'f.—Pahty leeders couldn't do much ef hit wuzn't fo' de wheel-hosses toe do de pullin'.—*Arkansaw Thomas Cat.*

The Sohmer piano is recognized by the music-loving public as one of the best in the world. Visit the warerooms, 149–155 East Fourteenth street, before buying elsewhere.

"Them folks from town didn't stay much of a spell, Uncle Reub." "Naw; went back mad 'cause we didn't hev no cycle-paths an' 'lectric lights in ther blackberry patch."—*Chicago Record.*

Mr. Bashful (after years of steady calling)—"If—if I should pro-propose to—to—to any one what would you think?" *Miss Longwait*—"I'd think the world was coming to an end." —*Chips.*

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In the issue of August 20th there will begin in *Leslie's Weekly* a series of twelve remarkable stories by Cleveland Moffett, entitled "Prince Kahlma's Experiments." Each one of these stories will be complete in itself, with its own development and climax, and at the same time each one will be connected with the others by a thread of interest running through them all. Each story will, in fact, present an incident in the extraordinary career of the chief character, Prince Kahlma, a man of great wealth and intelligence, who, having exhausted the possibilities of many cities and forms of pleasure, finds himself suddenly interested to an extreme degree in observing the manners and methods of New York's criminal and shady classes. These observations are made in a number of "experiments," in which the prince is not content to act merely as a looker-on, but takes an active and important part in the unfolding of events. Indeed, the prince's craving for novelty leads him into many strange adventures, and the record of his eccentric doings will be found to possess the compelling interest of the well-constructed detective or mystery story, with the added charm of novelty.

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and all cutaneous diseases, making the skin clear and soft.

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OILY SKIN, ITCHING SCALP, Falling Hair; all Skin and Scalp Diseases. 20 years' experience. John H. Woodbury, 127 W. 42d st., N. Y.; Branches Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago.

OPIUM and Whiskey Habit cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. R. M. WOOLLEY, M.D., Atlanta, Ga. Office, 104 Pryor Street.

"Why, Pat, there used to be two mills there"
"Yis, sorr; but they found there was only wind enough fer wan."
—*Sketch.*

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Collar-button perfection is obtained in

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Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Equipments for Bands and Drum Corps. Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine Catalog, 400 Illustrations, *mailed free*; it gives Band Music & Instructions for Amateur Bands.

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KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

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WINE COMPANY

Gold-Seal

Champagne

For Sale by all leading Wine Dealers and Grocers.

Post-Office: URBANA, N. Y.

After they had departed she wept bitterly. Suddenly she ceased. It had occurred to her that perhaps the tears might fall on her new silk shirt-waist and spot it irrevocably.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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WANTED competent Club Agents (Women, Men, Girls or Boys) in every town in the U. S. to get orders for our celebrated goods. LIBERAL TERMS; GOOD INCOMES. BIG PRESENTS with every sale. Good Teas and Coffees, 25c. per pound. Send this ad. and 16c. in stamps, and we will mail you a 1-4 pound Best Imported Tea, any kind, and full particulars.

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FACIAL BLEMISHES PERMANENTLY removed by regular physicians. 20 years' practical experience. John H. Woodbury, 127 W. 42d st., N. Y., inventor of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Sold everywhere.

ROMEIKE'S Press Cutting Bureau sends Clippings on any subject from every important newspaper and periodical in the United States and Europe. 139 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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Champagne as a restorer has no equal. *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne* is pure, delicious and sparkling.

Teacher—"In what respect was Charles I. to blame for his unfortunate end?" *Johnnie Chaffie*—"He lost his head in a critical moment."—*Texas Sifter.*

Do not be deceived by fraudulent impositions Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters is the only genuine; the public knows it for many years.

"This is a good town to rise in," observed the editor as the cyclone lifted him to the top of a tall pine; "but when men start on the downward road," he added as he lost his hold, "their descent is rapid."—*Buffalo Express.*

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SEEDY AMERICAN—"Wa-al, guess I don't think so durned much of your Thames embankment, neither. It rained all the blarmed time the night I slep' on it."

—*Punch.*

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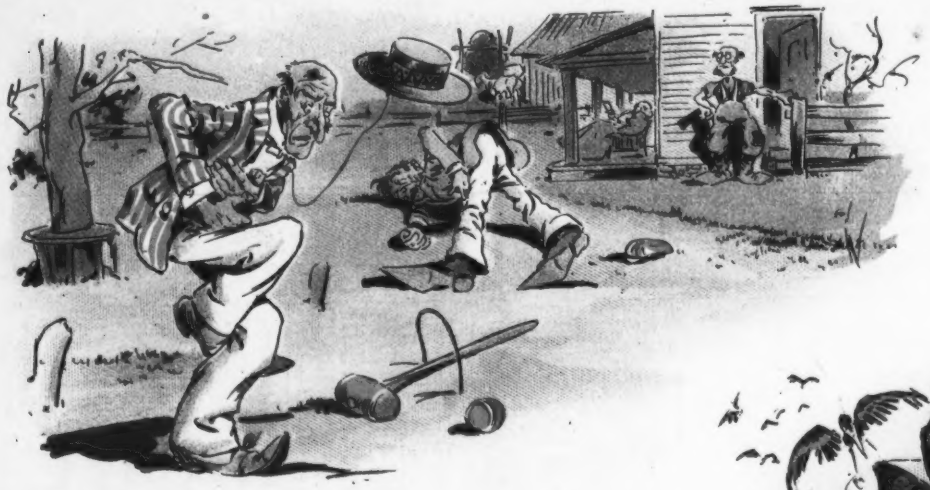

The boarders are taking great *pains* trying to digest the country cucumber this year.

"Keep on scorchin', Abner, that bike-furrow makes the best kind o' drills fer radishes."

Out after the "long green" in Jersey.

Uncle Abner—"By gum! When th' crows git so derned ravernous they steal corn before a feller gits a chance ter plant, it's time ter give up farmin', b' gosh!"

The tobacco crop is good this year (along some routes).

Mr. Johnston asserts that unusual care is being bestowed on the watermelon crop this season.

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